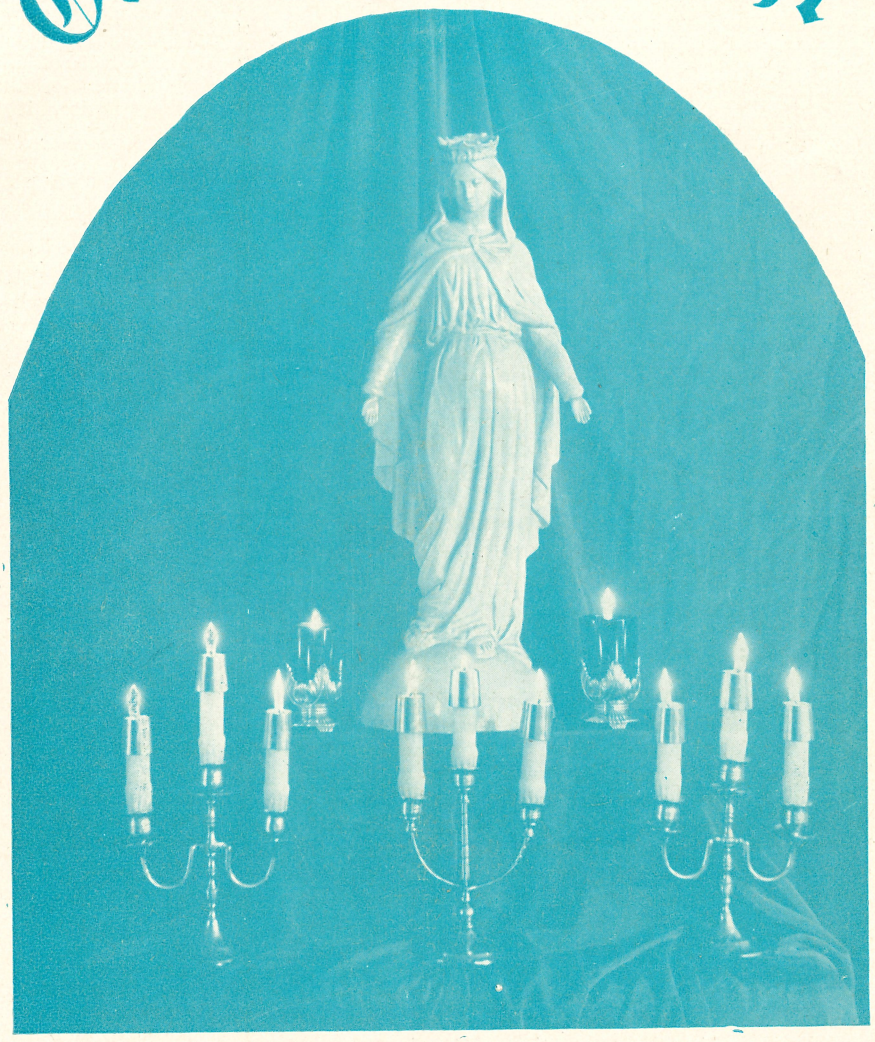
Our Lady of Light



THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Our Contributors:

Father A. Page is a well known writer and a poet. He is the author of "God's Rainbow," a series of tributes to Our Lady, based on the invocations of the Litany of Loretto.

Reverend Mr. John Blewett. S.J. is one of the scholastics he describes in his article as being "spry enough to play shortstop on a baseball team or forward on a basketball team."

Our Cover This Month:

One of the treasures of the Medical Mission Sisters is the statue of "Our Lady of Light" which stands in a niche in the Motherhouse chapel. This varnished plaster statue is a representation of the enormous statue which stands on the tower of the old church of Fourviere. It was originally the property of the saintly godfather of Antoinette Margot. He kept it on a chest of drawers in his office beside his desk. There was a gas jet between the two articles of furniture. One year, something unusual happened. The first evening of the May devotions, he carefully lowered the gas before he left the house. On his return after Benediction, he found the gas blazing up high. Surprised, he lowered the flame, then called Marie, his servant, telling her not to forget to lower the gas after using it. Marie had not even been in the office, nor had Adeline, the librarian. This blazing up of the gas jet happened in the same manner for the next four days, despite the precaution of turning off the gas and locking the door before leaving the house. During the night following the fifth day, Our Lady appeared to her devoted son. He did not know whether it was a dream or a vision. She approached his bed, and smiling, said, "My son Justinian, how is it that you do not understand that I wish to be honored in your house by a light in front of my statue?"

Filled with awe he exclaimed, "My good Mother, why did you not tell me before?"

From that day forward, he burned a light both night and day in front of the statue. But after his death, in 1876, the statue was put into the attic and forgotten until rescued by Antoinette Margot. She kept it as a great treasure, with a light burning before it at all times. She in turn willed it to Miss Geraldine McNerhany, asking that she keep a light always burning before it. Since Miss McNerhany was out working the greater part of the day, this promise was not easy to keep. Therefore in January of 1927, she gave the statue to our Society. We assured her that it would be a joy and a privilege to keep the flame alive in front of "Our Lady of Light."

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road

Sister M. Christine, S.C.M.M., Editor

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THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

To cope with the numerous requests from mission bishops for medical mission centers, many vocations are needed.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate — 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.
House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.
Postulate; Osterley, Middx. England
Heerlen, Holland

Missions

INDIA
Holy Family Hospital—Rawalpindi
Holy Family Hospital—Patna
Holy Family Hospital—Mandar
Holy Family Hospital—Karachi
Mitford Hospital — Dacca

INDONESIA
Maternity Clinic, Stella Maris Hospital, Makassar, Celebes

AFRICA
Holy Family Dispensary — Berekum, Gold Coast

UNITED STATES
The Santa Fe Catholic Maternity Institute
Santa Fe, New Mexico
The Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

Poetry In Praise of Mary

Of Joy and Love and Mary

Joy cometh in the morning
And Mary is Its dawn
Joy resteth in the noontide
And Mary pilloweth Its head
Joy returneth with the evening
And the Mother of God is Its star.
Joy abideth with the trusting heart
Through all the weary hours of the night
For God is Joy and Christ is God
And the Spirit of Christ abideth in us
And giveth us—our heritage
Of Joy and Love and Mary.

Father Page

CAUSE OF OUR JOY

Because she gave the Savior to the world, Our Lady is titled, "Cause of Our Joy." It was through her that true joy returned to the world after an exile of four thousand years. But it is no meaningless coincidence that Mary, "Cause of Our Joy" is also the "Mother of Sorrows." The secret of true Christian joy is closely akin to the mystery of the Cross. The "Troubadour of God" bore in his flesh the marks of the passion of his Lord. The Cross of Christ makes the sorrows of this life turn to joy in the next. Thomas More could jest in the face of death, not because he failed to realize the awfulness of death, but like a true Christian, he saw his death as part of that Death which conquered sin and hell.

Nowhere do we find this exultant joy except in those countries flooded by the light of Mary's Child. "Merry" England was gay so long as it was "Mary's" England. With the advent of Calvinism, Puritanism and Jansenism, laughter became outlaw. In the world today, how many nations are sunk in the gloom of fatalism and despair? Mission countries north, south, east and west are waiting to be freed from the yoke of futile sorrow. Only Mary's Son can give joy and meaning to the lives of these peoples.

Yet we who know Mary to be "Cause of Our Joy," have we not been a cause of sorrow to our loving Mother? From the weeping Lady of La Salette (1846) to the Madonna of Bonate (1944), she has come to bring us one message—"Penance." If we would be a cause of joy to those who sit in darkness, we must heed this plea of our Mother.

CANCER IN INDIA

By Sister M. Elise Wynen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"Sister-ji, I want to bring my mother to your dispensary tomorrow morning. Will you be here to examine her then?"

"Certainly, Hari Narain. I thought I knew your entire family, but I didn't even realize that your mother was still alive! What is the matter with her?"

"I don't know, Doctor-ji, and I'm worried. She won't tell us what ails her, and she is getting thinner day by day. She won't eat, and she seems to be in pain. She has been living with my brother in the village. That is why you have never seen her. But now my brother has sent her to us here in the city, to see if we can get her well again. She won't go to men-doctors, but I have persuaded her to come to you for an examination. Please take special care of her, Sister-ji."

Hari Narain was an old friend of Holy Family Hospital. His entire family, himself included, had been treated in our hospital and dispensary, at various times. Ever since we had pulled his three year old son through a bad bout of kala-azar, we were infallible and omnipotent in his eyes. But the story of his mother sounded ominous. An old woman, in pain, losing weight, without any obvious illness such as fever, very likely meant internal cancer. If that were the case, Hari Narain's faith in us would get a rude jolt.

We assured him that we would take all possible care and interest in the case, and off he went to tell his mother of the special attention she would receive in Holy Family Hospital. That is the best and quickest way to overcome the prejudice and aversion of village women for hospitals. The impersonal system of government medicine which is in vogue in the city hospitals disagrees violently with the Indian temperament, as it does with that of any normal person. Who wants to be a number in a file, or a case on a waiting bench?

Our worst fears were confirmed when the old lady walked into the examining room the next morning. History and physical examination were almost superfluous. The diagnosis could be made by smell alone. It was the unmistakable odor of stale blood and rotting flesh which is typical of old cancer. Poor woman! We put her up on the table, asked the usual questions as patiently as possible, and did a quick and gentle internal examination. That was all. Cervical cancer, far advanced. Hopeless!

But the worst of the work was yet to come. The woman was looking up at us with her soft brown eyes. How could we possibly explain to her that death was merely a matter of months? She hardly understood our simplest Hindi, as her dialect was quite different, and she knew nothing whatever of anatomy and medicine. So we put her off with a few kind words, and told her that we would tell her son all about it. She went out quietly, well content to leave everything to the men of the family, as she had done all her life. I think she needed no more telling. She already knew her fate and had accepted it.

But it wasn't so easy to enlighten and convince Hari Narain. This was the first time in his experience that Western medicine admitted defeat. Surely we could do *something*. Even an operation would be acceptable, if really necessary. He found it hard indeed to believe our verdict: "Too late." More than once had he seen our medicine pull one of his dear ones back from the brink of the grave. Why not this time? The word, "cancer" meant nothing to him. There isn't even a proper word for it in Hindi, as the disease is not common in India.

At last he realized that we were indeed helpless, and despair appeared in his eyes. He was on the point of breaking down entirely, but we pulled him up with the statement that he must carry the burden of this knowledge *alone*, for as long as possible. It was up to him to make his mother's last months on earth as happy and comfortable as possible. This appeal to his devotion succeeded, and he listened earnestly while we instructed him as to hygiene, general care, and the relief of pain by means of medicines. He readily promised to keep his mother with him in the city, so we could help as much as possible, and hospitalize her towards the end. When he realized that we would stand by him, Hari Narain straightened his shoulders, and smiled at his mother. Together they would manage.

Cancer is not as common in India as in America, but it is even more deadly. For can-

cer is a slow, treacherous disease. It rarely manifests itself clearly enough to bring shy, poverty stricken Indian women to the hospital *in time*. The slight bleeding or discharge, the small lump or sore, is overlooked and ignored, until it is too late. Once pain and weakness appear, even radium and operation can do little but palliate. In these thin, elderly Indian patients, the progress is usually rapidly down hill, for they have little to lose, and are soon at death's door from blood loss and cachexia. Months of suffering, but partially relieved with opium, often bought raw in the bazaar, commonly terminate in a slow, peaceful death, for the vital forces are too exhausted to put up a fight. Most of these women die as uncomplainingly as they have lived.

Recently American doctors have set up a powerful campaign to instruct the people in the early diagnosis and treatment of cancer. Much can be done for patients who show themselves to a competent doctor at the earliest signal of cancer. Regular check-ups by means of physical examinations on apparently healthy people in the middle age group can also do much to diagnose cancer in the initial stage. Cancer is now the second highest cause of death in the United States, so this campaign deserves all possible support. As one young man wrote: "Last year my mother died of cancer. I have only just realized that she might be alive today if she had been diagnosed and treated early enough. I hope my contribution will help to save someone else's mother."

Unfortunately such a campaign would make little headway in India. Cancer is such a complicated, expensive, and exacting disease that little time and energy are available to fight it. Yet there are some hospitals that have radium and deep X-ray therapy, notably, the Tata Hospital in Bombay. But on the whole, old people with cancer continue to haunt the dispensaries, hearing everywhere the sad words: "Too late."

Even though we in Holy Family Hospital can do little to help them physically, yet we never refuse them admission. It is so edifying and consoling to see them die in peace. Old and worn, exhausted with pain and suffering, they accept the great truths of our Faith easily and gladly. To go home to our Father who is in heaven, to be free from this decaying mortal body and to enjoy eternal rest must be very attractive to them indeed. God is good to the simple of heart.

Our Lady of Guam

By Sister M. Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N.

In what was the Cathedral of Guam stands a miraculous statue of Our Lady. Many years ago two fishermen were wrecked during a terrific storm. They prayed to Our Lady for help; suddenly they saw a statue of Our Lady floating on the angry waters of the Pacific. They caught hold of it, and reached the shore alive. The statue was only about two feet high, but when they went to lift it out of the boat they could not; later they found that it weighed two tons. Of what metal it was made they had no idea, neither has anyone to this day. The hair appears to be real and apparently growing out of the head; it is light brown, wavy and fine. The Sisters brush and comb it but never a single, solitary hair comes out. The poor fisherman had the statue carried into a large barn where the people could come to pay her homage. Later when the Cathedral was built, Our Lady was installed over the high altar. Time passed, and during the war a new bishop came to Guam: he preferred to have Our Lady placed at the right side of the altar. This very much upset the people, and they came in a body: "Your Excellency, if she is taken down from her place over the altar we shall experience the worst earthquake in the history of Guam."

"Nonsense," patiently explained the bishop, "that is merely a superstition. I mean no disrespect to Our Lady; we all love her and want to honor her."

Sadly the people went home, shaking their heads. That night brought the biggest earthquake in the history of Guam. Our Lady went back to her place over the high altar.

About a year ago the people of Guam held a big victory procession. A beautiful float was prepared for Our Lady, decorated with cotton, flowers and many candles. Suddenly a great storm arose, and the horrified natives beheld the cotton go up in flames and watched the whole float burn to a cinder. All at once a great cry rent the air; there was Our Lady, serene as ever, not a hair of her head so much as singed, nor even a smudge on her blue gown.

History of the Church in the Gold Coast

By Sister M. De Sales, S.C.M.M., B.S.

The missions in Africa in general as well as of the Gold Coast in particular are still in their infancy. It has only been in the last one hundred years that results of any description are evident, although Christianity invaded some localities of Africa as far back as the Second Century. When Saturninus ruled Carthage (180 A.D.) we have evidence of seven men and five women being martyred for the Faith.

At the beginning of the Fifth Century the Church was established in all Roman Africa and counted as many as 400 Episcopal Sees. It was gradually destroyed through the coming of the Vandals and the Arabs. However, in the Gold Coast, nothing was known about Christianity until the advent of the Portuguese in 1471.

The mission history of the Gold Coast is not sensational. In some respects, it has a close relationship to the secular history. Catholic Portugal was an important European power at the close of the Fifteenth Century. In her efforts to establish and guard her life line to India as well as to establish trade in gold and ivory, she settled in the Gold Coast. Thus, Portuguese missionaries were the first to enter the Gold Coast. But events in Europe soon changed this. The breakdown of unity in Catholic Europe followed the Reformation. The stalemate that resulted after the religious wars and the compromise which secularized most of the European governments had its effect on the missionary effort in Africa. The attitude of the European states changed toward the missions.

When the Dutch Republic, which was Protestant, followed the Portuguese to the Gold Coast, in the period from 1595 to 1637, there was bitter opposition to the Catholic missions. The decline of Catholicism began when the Portuguese abandoned their possessions in the Gold Coast in 1642. Eventually, it disappeared altogether. From the time that the Dutch took over from the Portuguese, and while the other European powers scrambled for a foothold in the Gold Coast in order to gain control of a portion of the slave traffic, there seems to be no record of missions either Protestant or Catholic. It wasn't until the Dutch had relinquished their possessions in the Gold Coast to the British in 1872 that we again see a Catholic mission in this area, although missions were established earlier in the surrounding territories—Sierra Leone in 1858; Senegambia in 1862; Dahomey in 1868.

There is evidence that Protestant missionaries entered this field before Catholic ones. The first successful attempt at definite missionary work was made in 1835 by the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. During the years that followed, they built churches at Accra, Winneba and other centers. In 1843, the present Presbyterian Church of the Gold Coast permanently established itself. The English Church Mission was not officially established in the colony until 1909. However, a certain amount of prosyletizing was going on from the time the English began to gain control of the area, starting in 1750. Prior to 1898, the area was under the jurisdiction of the English Church diocese in Sierra Leone, and converts to the Anglican faith were governed from there.

The first Catholic mission to establish itself in the colony after the attempt back in the Fifteenth Century was a result of Pope Leo XIII's investigation of the area (1879). It was put under the jurisdiction of the African Mission Society of Lyons, France. Up to this time the mission activity by both Catholics and Protestants was confined to the Gold Coast Colony, that is, the lower section of the territory. Ashanti and the Northern territories received little attention.

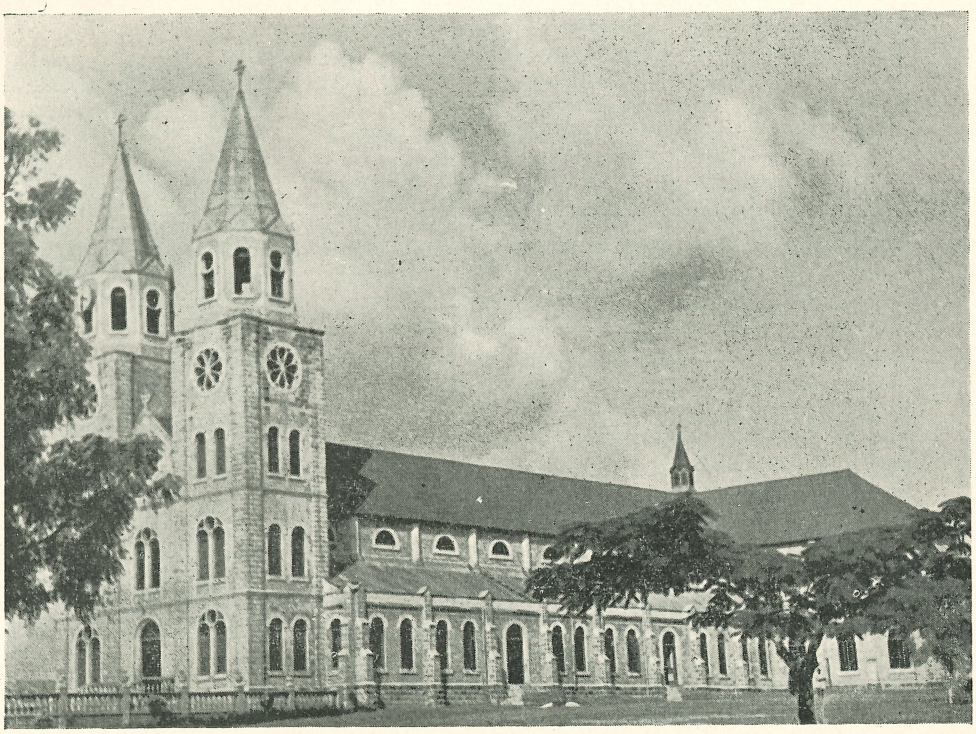
While the Gold Coast Colony was developing along the lines of small autonomous units under European protection, the interior developed along the lines of tribal confederation for offensive and defensive purposes. The Ashanti organization was by far the most highly developed and biggest of these confederations. It began to rise toward the close of the Seventeenth Century, and during the Eighteenth, the Ashanti military power was consolidated. This growing military power aspired to the dominations of the whole Gold Coast. Hence, there was friction between Ashanti and the European protected tribes along the coast. This resulted in various wars during the Nineteenth Century until the country was finally pacified in 1900, and the Ashanti district annexed to the Crown in 1901. By this time, the unity of the vast Ashanti kingdom had been gravely damaged, and paganism, the very lifeblood of the Ashanti state, was beginning to decline. With the opening up of trade, there came the opportunity for the entrance of the Christian religions. As far back as 1888 the King of Kumasi (the capital of Ashanti) had sent a delegation to Père Moreau in Elmina with a request to discuss possibilities of establishing a Catholic mission in Ashanti. But the intervening wars hindered any further action. In February, 1907, Msgr. Hummel, Vicar-Apostolic of the Gold Coast Colony traveled to Kumasi, and obtained from the government a piece of land in that town. This was the beginning of the Catholic mission station in the Ashanti district. In 1919,

there were approximately twenty small communities. Oboasi became a mission station in 1925, followed by Bekwai in 1930, and Konongo and Berekum in 1932. By the time Ashanti had become a vicariate, there existed five mission stations surrounded by 150 by-stations. The Kumasi Vicariate is still under the control of the African Mission Society. However, the Gold Coast Colony was turned over to the Society of the Divine Word in 1938. Adolph Noser, S. V. D. was consecrated Bishop of Accra in 1947.

Concerning the Northern Territories, we have very little information. It is certain that White Fathers evangelized the Navrongo prefecture where they still labor. At the present time the Gold Coast is a growing field for missionary effort. The Catholic population is approximately 4%, while the combined Protestant sects average 7%. The Mohammedans, including the Ahmadiyya movement (proselytizing group) account for .15%. The rest of the three and one-half million people are pagan—74%. This gives an approximate picture of the situation in the Gold Coast. The largest opposing rival for the evangelization of the pagans is Mohammedanism, which, though only .15%, is a force we cannot overlook. In fact, the general picture of the Gold Coast is just a reflection of the position of the Catholic Church in the whole of Africa today.

Africa is giving to the Church over one-half of all the converts in the mission world. On the other hand, it is in this continent that the Church is finding herself face to face with a formidable rival—Islam. Since the Eleventh Century, Islam has been firmly entrenched in all North Africa from Morocco and the Sahara, to Egypt and down along the East Coast. The Copts of Egypt, although conquered by arms did not accept the religion of the Moslems. The Senegal and Niger river basins saw a succession of conquests by Islam missionaries. The Almoravides, a Moslem sect of the Eleventh Century, had carried their religious propaganda into this territory. The natives were primitives, fetishists and animists, whose chiefs were attracted to Islam by the prestige gained by its adherents. As a consequence, many tribes were converted to Mohammedanism. In this move, they came as far south as French Guinea. After an inertia lasting almost eight centuries, the Nineteenth Century has witnessed a re-establishment of its missionary fervor.

The zone of greatest peril is the central strip across Africa. It is here that the Catholic and Protestant missionary effort has placed a barrier against the flag of the Crescent. Islam at the present time is engaged in struggling with the true religion of Christ for the possession of millions of souls of pagan Africa. The next few decades will decide whether the Cross or the Crescent will fly over Africa.



The Cathedral of St. Peter, Kumasi, Gold Coast. It holds some 2,000 people.

Mission To Muzzaferabad

By Sister M. Elizabeth, S.C.M.M.

"Oh," I gasped as I clung to Sister Alma Julia while our red and white jitney rounded a hair-pin turn at thirty miles an hour and there was nothing between me and the abyss but a tiny half-worn bolt keeping the door closed. The view was breath-takingly beautiful. We had mounted and mounted and mounted up, up, up into the Murree Hills, 5000 feet above Pindi. The mountains were everywhere, terraced in some places to the very top and bright patches of yellow mustard and green wheat were interspersed with flat reddish mud-roofed huts. Far below the Jhelum River tranquilly pursued its course. We were on our way to Muzzaferabad in the war zone to bring blankets and clothes to the refugees, given to us by the Red Cross in Lahore.

Muzzaferabad is 85 miles from Pindi, twenty miles over the border into Kashmir. The border town is Kohala, where the bridge over the Jhelum connects Kashmir with the Northwest Frontier Province. Since this bridge had been constantly and unsuccessfully bombed for some time, we were supposed to reach it before ten o'clock in the morning or after four o'clock in the afternoon. At four the bomber returns to his home base to be in time for tea. Perhaps they have union hours.

The bus was loaded with blankets, comforters, bundies (little padded jackets) until the doors bulged, with three rows of seats for some refugees visiting their relatives, Captain X, the medical inspector of the refugee camp and ourselves. Sr. Alma Julia, the driver and myself occupied the front seat and a soldier stood on the runing board on either side. The roof contained bedding rolls and more blankets.

"It is raining so maybe 'Mamma' won't come today." With his usual sense of humor, the Punjabi had nicknamed the bomber "Mamma." It was a dark, drizzly day, the drizzle turning into snow in Murree. However, at Kohala the Captain asked me to change seats with him so he could keep a look out—but no "Mamma." The officials on both sides of the bridge were very skeptical about permitting two American Sisters into the war zone. However, they finally agreed to let us through—perhaps because we had Red Cross supplies.

At 5:30 we reached our destination. We were in what at first seemed to be a completely roofless and mostly burned-out town. But when we had been there a little while we found that quite a bit remained intact. The village had a population of 10,000 in peace time.

Having driven for five hours and being a little weary, wet and cold, we were quite ready to settle down anywhere. However, we got out and padded down the wet cobblestone lane into the bazaar and up another lane until we reached a very nice looking house. We were given an empty room about 14 x 16, with a dirty green rug and two chairs and a hookah on the floor. "Life in India is beautifully simple," I remarked, thinking how easy spring cleaning would be.

Immediately after breakfast the next day the Captain suggested that we visit the camps. The refugee camps consisted of what we would call tenement houses with anywhere from twenty to a hundred people in each. Altogether there were about 3000 non-Moslem refugees.

So down the stairs we marched in single file, the Captain leading and our ubiquitous guard bringing up the rear. Down the lane, into the bazaar (the Fifth Avenue of Muzzaferabad) and out into another lane. The first camp we entered by a courtyard with four rooms facing it. The citizens of Muzzaferabad had already begun to collect but there was no difficulty in recognizing the refugees. There they sat or squatted or lay in and on sackcloth, literally sackcloth—old potato bags—their one and only covering—old men, little boys, mothers, infants, everybody. I thought I knew what

Sister M. Elizabeth with a refugee child from Muzzaferabad

poverty looked like but I had never seen this before. Sister Alma Julia called my attention to a young mother most evidently in the advanced stages of T. B. with a little girl in her arms, possibly six years old and nothing but skin and bones. They did have smoky little fires to gather around; and they were fed by the municipality; otherwise, they could not have existed.

The women talked to us all at once, begging for clothes and telling us their troubles. Sister Alma Julia had brought a few medicines and began to dispense them. "Salaam" was the extent of my vocabulary. So I looked and listened while Sister Alma Julia conversed. When we finished with one house we went to the next. The crowd however grew thicker and thicker and moving about became increasingly difficult. After we had seen three of these camps we decided we had better return and begin to give out the bedding.

We esconced ourselves in the room where the bedding had been put and a guard was supposed to let the people up the stairs one at a time and another to bring them to us in the same way. However, they began to jump over the roof and they scaled the stairs despite the guard, and we were almost mobbed again. Three times we sent them back to their houses and issued chits (tickets) for them to present but each time it would work for five minutes and then someone would let them up the stairs and we would have to begin over. They crowded on to a neighboring tin roof until it broke and crashed; about fifteen people went down. I think it had let them down rather gently for no one seemed to be hurt.

Though we both breathed sighs of relief when our work was done, we would have liked to have had three times as much to give away.

I began to tuck our few belongings into our bag, and to get out the rest of the food for lunch. At that moment Captain X appeared.

"Well, Captain," said Sister Alma Julia, "May we leave for Pindi this afternoon?"

"I wish we could," he said. "But the fan belt of the bus is broken, and I have sent to Pindi for a new one. I hope it will come tomorrow."

That was a bit of a shock. We evidently couldn't go around the village seeing people. In fact, people kept popping up on to the balcony beseeching us for bundies and "Kambals" and "risais" and telling us all their ills. Dozens came begging the Captain to take them to Pindi. One of his jobs was to select about 30 of the worst off— especially orphans—to take to Pindi Camp.

Friday dawned and the bus was not repaired.

Saturday came and went and still no hopes of going home. The bus had been repaired and sent to another village to bring down some refugees, and it had not returned. In the meantime we were taken for a daily walk among the beautiful mountains with a soldier leading us and often another bringing up the rear. They were nice men and took us where they thought the scenery was most beautiful. It was glorious scenery and so peaceful. The minute one left the town, a three-minute walk, all was quiet except for the birds.

Early Sunday morning we heard the Captain's voice outside our door. So Sister Alma Julia thought we had better get up and be ready to leave. This was five o'clock. We were sure we would be off at last. However, once more we were disappointed. The captain told us that the driver had not returned. He assured us that we could go after lunch if the driver turned up. We had lost our confidence in his assurances but when he began to give our blankets away—we had been using some we had brought for the refugees—we began to be hopeful. After lunch the driver appeared and we all got our things together. The refugees assembled with their few—if any—belongings tied in a handkerchief. They were counted and checked off on the Captain's list and off we started for the bus.

The refugees (about 30 women and children) were stowed in first and then various miscellaneous looking soldiers got on the roof with the bundles containing the women's possessions and finally we were put in the front seat (a seat for three) with the driver, a soldier and a little nine-year old girl who squatted beside me but refused to sit on my lap. The driver drove at break-neck speed until we reached the other side of the bridge at Kohala and were back in Pakistan. At Kohala we had to wait for one and three-quarter hours as the Captain did not have a written permit to bring down the refugees. Finally, the Captain of the regiment gave us permission to proceed. Halfway home we saw a Murree bus hanging over the precipice, just one piece of projecting metal holding it back. They said it had gone over that morning. The driver drove even faster just to show us that that wouldn't happen to him. Finally at nine-thirty we arrived home, very glad to be back in our own convent.

PENTECOST SUNDAY, MAY 16, IS MISSION SUNDAY FOR THE SICK

Mission Sunday of the Sick provides the opportunity whereby those who are in pain may unite their sufferings with those of the Crucified Savior for the salvation of souls.

"How are you today, Krishna?"

OUR DOCTOR'S DAY IN PATNA

By Sister M. Adelaide, S.C.M.M.

No questions asked here.

Life and death come when they will in the mission hospital and the Sister-Doctor is at their beck and call. At Holy Family Hospital she makes her first morning round accompanying the chaplain as he brings the Divine Physician to His chosen few. The non-Christians look on with curiosity or wonderment. This is the prelude to her day of work.

After breakfast begins the hosiptal tour, into wards and rooms to visit the hundred and more patients. From bedside to bedside she goes, examining, diagnosing, prescribing, and dressing wounds, reassuring and comforting the suffering. The patients may be Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs; men women and children.

Sister M. Leonie Tummers, M. D. in the midst of an animated discussion.

Work in the dispensary follows. Out-patients crowd into the waiting room. Some are given medicine, some are given treatment, and for those who need hospitalization it often takes all the doctor's powers of persuasion to convince them that this is their only hope of cure. Yet it is more often the case that she must tell desperately sick patients that there is "no room" for them in the hospital. Any and every disease may be met in the dispensary.

In the afternoon, the Sister-Doctor is surgeon. Four or five hours in the operating room are just a part of the day's work. There is no operation which necessity might not require her to perform.

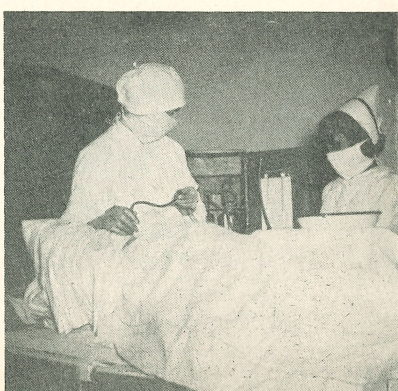
Almost every day she spends some time in the classroom, teaching the student nurses anatomy and related subjects. Instruction must be given in English and Hindi to reach the heterogeneous group of students.

The Doctor may be called out to visit a patient in her home who is too ill to be moved, or who may refuse or not be allowed to come to the hospital on account of the custom of seclusion. Whether it is to the home of the well-to-do, or to the hut of the poor, the attention given is the same.

Such is our Doctor's day in the missions, bringing Christ to souls and souls to Christ.

"Welcome to our home, Sister-ji."

In the operating room.



Market Day in Mandar

By Sister Ignatius Marie, S.C.M.M.

On Saturday, most good housewives of the U. S. replenish their larders and give the butcher and the grocer a busy day. But here in Mandar, the only way a housewife can provide for her family on Saturday is from her garden. But Sunday—Sunday is a different story. With the first ray of light in the eastern sky, the trek begins. For miles and miles in all directions, bullock carts plod slowly in; shaggy little hill ponies come trotting along, their saddle bags heavy with merchandise for the bazaar; men and women, with children tagging along behind or running on before—all are headed for the Sunday bazaar held in some fields about two miles down the road from Holy Family Hospital.

Fruit, vegetables, spices, eggs, poultry, rice and other grains are a few items that may be found in the baskets that swing at either end of a bamboo pole. Sometimes the women tie the wares up in the ends of their chaddars (veils), again with one bundle in front and one at their backs. Cauliflower piled high on a flat basket and perched on the head of an Uraon woman makes a fetching piece of millinery. But even the "bird in Nellie's hat" would be completely over-shadowed by the vision that passed just now. An Uraon woman, tall and lithe, with her baby in a cloth sling on her back walked by at a fast pace to the bazaar. On her head was a flat basket in which two ducks and two drakes sat at ease. Yes, live ones! A head directed towards each quarter of the compass! Through their half-opened eyes, the ducks look down disdainfully on the world below. Not even Lily Daché could turn out such a model!

Although there is no definite rule about it, each vendor squats in about the same place each week. The rice display is the first you meet as you enter the field. Each seller sits cross legged on the ground with one or two large baskets of rice before him. It is doubtful if any one of the merchants has one hundred pounds of rice to sell, but few buyers ask for more than five seers (ten pounds). The merchants spend as much time examining the rice and letting it sift slowly through their fingers as if they were matching the finest silk.

The vegetables are sold in a little knoll. Some are similar to what you see at the corner store, but there are others—kaddu, arvi, karelia, for instance—that are distinctly of this country. You have not missed much in missing them. If you would taste them, you would understand why Indians use so much spice in cooking. These people eat a very small helping of vegetable at a meal, about a tablespoonful.

The cows and goats are butchered very early in the morning in a field on the right side of the road. Everything else, poultry included, can be found in the fields on the left side of the road. Beef is eight annas (about sixteen cents a pound) and what is called "mutton" but is actually goat, is sixteen annas a pound. Now don't think that you can order the special cut that you want. If you do, you may get the same answer that a friend of ours received when she pointed to a certain piece of meat and said, "I want that leg of mutton." "Oh, no, you can't have it," replied the butcher. "If I sell the leg, how can I hang up the rest of it?" So bowing to the will of the vendor, you take the next piece, regardless of whether it is the neck or the ribs. There is a possibility that you may obtain the heart or the liver if you come early and offer the butcher sufficient flattery.

Around the outskirts of the fields, the bullocks, freed from their yokes, graze at will, while the ponies roll around in the dust. Tonight as we go to chapel for night prayers, there will be a steady stream of bullock carts, nose to tail boards, going slowly back to their villages and their work in the fields until the next Sunday comes bringing with it all the excitement of bazaar day. Here and there in that long line a lantern will gleam, but for an occasional squeak of a wheel, they will move along, silently as a tug with a string of barges.

THEY WANT AN EDUCATION

Rev. Mr. John Blewett, S. J.

"When the mothers begin to cry, I can usually handle them, but when the fathers start too, I'm helpless." Father Stolte, youngest of the staff of three Jesuits at the new high school in Yokosuka, threw up his hands in a gesture of despair. Just by chance I met him this particular March afternoon as he was returning from one of many interviews with parents whose sons had failed to pass the entrance examination for the school-year beginning in April. My heart went out to him and to the scores of disappointed parents who had pinned their hopes on their sons' success. "Shikata ga nai," (It can't be helped) they would say with an attempt at a smile.

In April, 1947, eighty young Japanese boys could be seen trudging through the streets of Yokosuka on their way to the newly-opened Eiko High School. They had been chosen from among 175 applicants. Small wonder that they shivered a bit as they marched up to meet their new teachers, the Catholic "bonzes" of the Society of Jesus.

The first days of fearful curiosity passed. The boys discovered that their black-robed teachers, though exacting in the classroom, were friendly on the playground, and considerate always. Parents could see for themselves at the monthly parent-teachers meetings that Eiko High School was different from the public schools. The students are trained in Japanese, mathematics, physical and social sciences, ethics and English. They enjoy an athletic program and physical training, supervised and directed by Jesuit scholastics, who are still spry enough to play shortstop on a baseball team or forward on a basketball team.

Today, as Eiko begins its second year, it is universally acclaimed in the mushrooming city of Yokosuka to be far and away the best high school in the locale. How can we account for the quick rise of Eiko to educational supremacy? The most important factor, undoubtedly is the careful training of intellect, will, emotions and body given to the boys. The course in English, stressing conversational ability, cannot fail to attract boys who know that English is the "open Sesame" to well-paying and influential positions.

Another factor is the glaring contrast between the entire educational program at Eiko and that of public schools. Japan was not only economically and politically jolted by her defeat. Her school system was thrown into chaos so appalling that a comparison with the intellectual numbing that settled over the schools of the Roman Empire in the wake of the barbarian invasions is not out of place. Eight years of compulsory education is now the rule in Japan, but education presupposes teachers, books, and other school equipment. As hundreds and thousands of former school teachers have been banned from any educational activity, the problem of staffing schools is almost insurmountable. Moreover, the wage-level for teachers is so low that swarms of the more competent ones are turning to clerical and factory jobs.

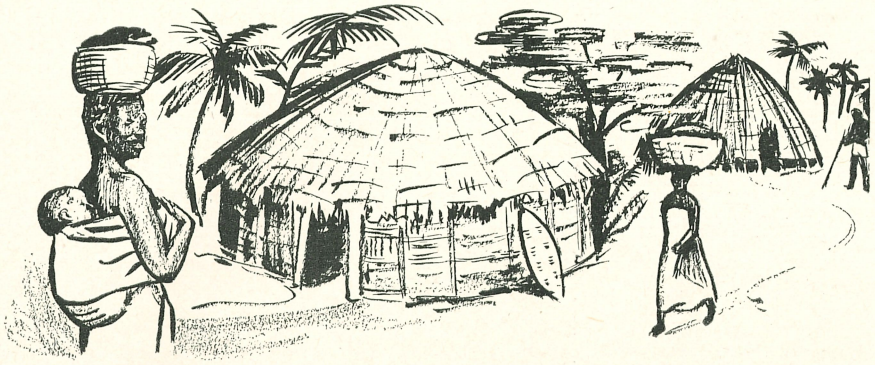
Small wonder, then, that Eiko, with its well-trained teachers, usable textbooks, and adequate school equipment has won the admiration of anxious parents whose lives, more than in Occidental countries, are bound up with their children's.

The boys at Eiko are not forced to listen to obligatory instructions on Catholicism. They receive instructions only at their request, and with their parents' consent. It is an illuminating commentary on this educational policy of Eiko to know that over sixty of the eighty boys in first-year high have asked for, and begun, instructions in the Faith.

Rev. Mr. John Blewett, S. J.

MISSION INTENTION FOR MAY:

"That the Mother of God may lead the children of Japan to Jesus." This could be done through schools such as Mr. Blewett describes —if only there were enough of them.



GOLD COAST NEWS

Convent of St. Louis
Kumasi, Gold Coast

Solemn Benediction last evening at the Cathedral closed the Holy Week services which could only be described as glorious. They were held in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Peter which stands high on a hill, its two spires overlooking the town of Kumasi. Picture the large congregation, barefoot or sandled, in their graceful costumes, coupled with the rich vestments, and the bright red and blue cassocks of the thirty-odd altar boys.

The people loved Holy Thursday—the splendor of the Pontifical Mass, procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the altar of Repose. All day long the altar boys replenished the wax tapers which the people brought in blue-papered bundles and laid at the foot of the altar. Recitation of the Rosary was almost continuous.

However, Good Friday is the biggest day in the year for the Christian Ashanti. The story of the Passion of Our Blessed Lord is something that they can grasp and deeply sympathize with. They have a special garment for this one day. If possible it is black, yellow, or red, the important mourning colors.

On Holy Saturday the congregation was there long before 6:30 A.M., and were still praying when we left the Cathedral at the end of the services (9:30). We never did expect such an inspiring demonstration of Catholicism 200 miles in the interior of Africa!

On Easter Monday, Bishop Paulissen suggested an outing. He wanted to take us to an out-station of the mission, some 20 miles into the bush. His Excellency sent a runner to the village early in the morning with the message that he would call there in the afternoon. M-Bease (om-bee-ah-see) is the name of the village.

On the way, we stopped at Afins to pay our respects to the Chief of the village. The Chief and the elders came out to greet us. They came forward and shook hands with us. The elders stayed outside his office, while the chief, and his "left wing" (chief assistant) went inside with us. We went out into the courtyard, and amongst all the scenic African pageantry, out rolled a gorgeous new 1948 Oldsmobile made in America with a chauffeur in full ensemble with high collar and cap! We were flabbergasted. The Chief went with us to show His Excellency the new school which was enroute to M-Bease. Then he returned, and we went on to the next village.

When we approached the school in M-Bease, we saw a large gathering of natives seated under a tree. As His Excellency entered the circle, he made a gesture with his hand to the ones farther away from us. Then the handshaking started up again. We clasped about 50 hands before we could take the seats prepared for us. Now it was the turn of the natives to arise and come to us showing that we were welcome by so doing. Each came with the cloth thrown off the right shoulder indicating that he is friendly and not concealing weapons.

The Chief did not speak English, so his interpreter took the lead and asked what was our mission. His Excellency spoke up and said that it was a friendly visit in the way of an outing for the Sisters. At this point a small tornado interrupted. We took refuge inside the school until it abated. Then the interpreter requested a speech from the Bishop. The Bishop introduced all the Sisters collectively as teaching and nursing Sisters, and told the Chief that he had only to request our presence in the village. The Chief then negotiated for a priest to live in the village. Since he was a petty Chief, as an added token of respect, besides stepping out of his sandals when he addressed the Bishop, he also lowered the cloth on his left shoulder, then raised it up again when he finished talking.

When the pow-wow ended, we adjourned to the parish hall for tea. We drove off quite content with our first parley with a chieftain. Passing through the villages, the people waved us off, using a native adieu.

Sister M. Raphael and Sister M. Paula

Letters From India

RAWALPINDI

Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

February of Leap Year has been quite an eventful month in Pindi. The long-expected arrivals finally arrived, namely, Sister M. Elizabeth and Sister M. Regina! After five weeks in Bombay, waiting for luggage and visas, they reached the Punjab, intact.

The refugee situation is gradually abating, thank God, but the migration problem will still take several years to settle itself. A number of inquirers have visited the hospital lately, in an attempt to gather accurate information of the problem. One organization has succeeded in arranging that drugs and medical supplies be sent free of duty.

Since a large part of the Punjab has become Pakistan, one sees about eighty per cent of the women in burkhas. The position of women is a much debated question at the moment. Many of the more progressive leaders are in favor of letting the ladies have a little more education. Actually, from what one can observe, it seems that most of the officials of the Pakistan government do favor the liberation of women! The old mother-in-laws, however, still hang on to the old customs for dear life.

The funniest story of the month was the case of Sister Alma Julia's tonga wala. He is a widower with four little boys all under ten years of age—and he needs a wife. Apparently, match-making in India is carried on by anybody but the parties concerned! In this case, we are trying to find a wife for this poor man. When the refugee rush was on, and the Sisters were going to Wah so often—invariably the parting words were, "Don't forget—keep your eyes open for somebody that might suit our Nur Din!" It seems as though Sister Bernadette meets the greatest numbers of people, and she has been doing her level best to locate "the suitable lady."

Last week, Sister Dolores was helping out in the dispensary, and suddenly she came across a widow! One glance at Sister Bernadette—eyebrows lifted—and both minds ran along similar channels! Sister Bernadette called the lady to a corner and explained the situation in a quiet way. Actually the lady seemed interested! We'll keep you informed about the next installment.

Sister M. Clare

KARACHI

On March 19, 1948, a new Holy Family Hospital opened its doors. It is Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, a city of half-a-million people. The new mission is next door to the American Embassy in that city. Four Sisters have been assigned: Sister M. Dolores, B.S.N. and Sister M. Regina, R.N. both formerly stationed at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Pakistan; and Sister M. Agatha, R.N. and Sister M. Immaculata, R.N., from the Medical Mission House in Heerlen, Holland. Sister M. Dolores, superior of the new mission, has been in India since 1941. Shortly after her arrival she took charge of the School of Nursing at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi. The other Sisters are newcomers here.

MARY GIRI

March 19 was also opening date for the Hospital of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Bharananganam. This is the first mission of the native community of Medical Mission Sisters.

MANDAR

"The Mandar hospital is thriving. The electric plant has at last been installed and the Sisters are erecting the convent. The fame of the hospital has spread throughout the country. It was worth all the trouble." (Father DeMeulder quoting Bishop Sevrin, S.J.Ranchi)

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R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Very Rev. Van Lemberghe, S. J.
Ranchi, India
Sister Catherine Kenny, R.S.C.J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Ellen Holmes
Newark, N. J.
Miss Margaret Bryerton
Washington, D.C.
Miss Gertrude Ream
Mt. Holly, N. J.
Mrs. Josephine A. Hammell
Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Joseph Weig
Buffalo, N. Y.
Mr. John Clisham
Philadelphia, Pa.

MISSION INTENTION FOR JUNE:

"That the Christian Annamites may pass through all dangers unharmed."

Another Refugee Story

We made many trips to meet refugee trains. On one occasion, I was attending to the women and children. While I was treating a child's eye, a volunteer came to me to say that in another compartment a newborn baby and its mother needed help. Since I knew that there was no medical care in Camp A, I decided to take both mother and child to our hospital. The baby I gave to someone on the platform to hold, while I returned to the mother. Her husband and I carried her out bodily and placed her on a pile of luggage until another person came with a charpoi (string bed). One of the volunteer workers took off her sweater to put it on the baby. Soon the baby, mother and father were on their way to Holy Family Hospital.

The stay of the mother and baby at the hospital was uneventful. But when it was time for their discharge, the mother did not know to which camp her husband had gone. He had not returned to the hospital after the first day. I thought that if I brought the mother and baby to the camp across the street, the officer there could locate the husband. At 3:30 P.M. I took her across the street and explained the situation to the officer in charge. He said that she should stay there until her husband returned. The next morning at 7 A.M. I again saw the mother there and she seemed contented. At 1:30 P.M. I was confronted in the hospital by the husband, "Where are my wife and child?"

I answered, "Across the street in the camp."

He said, "No, they aren't."

Together we went over, and I searched high and low but found no trace of them. The occupants of the room where I had last seen her said that she had gone to a camp. Now the people were being sent to two different camps, A, and B. These were in opposite directions from each other. No one in the office knew to which camp the mother and child had been sent. They did not keep a list of the names of the people sent out, just the numbers.

Since the husband had returned from Camp A in the morning, there was a possibility that they had been sent to Camp B. The officer tried to put a call through to Camp B. I left the much-worried husband there with the understanding that the telephone call, if successful, would straighten matters out.

The next morning the husband was not to be seen. I went again in the afternoon. As I was going from one room to another attending the sick, someone in the corner called me. As I turned, I recognized the much-sought wife and baby. I said, "Where in the world have you been!" Of course, she didn't understand me, and broke into a big smile. Then I looked at the person sitting down beside her. It was her husband! I was so glad that at last they had been reunited that I could not conceal my joy. It was a great happiness, after seeing so many heartbreaking separations, to have effected one reunion.

Sister M. Stephen

International Student Mission Congress at Louvain

Numerous student mission organizations sent their delegations from more than 20 different countries of all parts of the world to the mission congress of the PAX ROMANA. This congress was held in Easter week at Louvain, the beautiful mediaeval city with its 500 year-old University. The topic under discussion was the part the university graduate could take in the work of extending the Kingdom of Christ.

The matter in hand proved to have a double aspect:

1. What kind of work can be done by the college graduate in the mission field? How should these works be organized? What work could be done by those "behind the frontier"?
2. What can be done by Western university students in behalf of foreign fellow-students, especially for those from pagan lands?

In regards to the first point, many students desire to give their professional talents in the mission field after their graduation. The ideas in the different organizations about the professional and spiritual training required for such a task showed great uniformity.

As for the second question, several associations already exist to take care of foreign students. The main purpose of these associations is to see that any Eastern student returning to his own country has a certain knowledge of Christian Faith, philosophy and culture.

The central house of the AUCAM, the great Belgian University Mission Movement, founded and realized by P. P. Charles, S. J., was a hospitable "pied à terre" for all the participants of the Congress.

One of the culminating points of the Congress was Father Charles' conference on the "Task of the Intellectuals in behalf of the Missions."

"The missionary devotion is a form of love
an adventure of generosity
not a question of authority
but of influence
the influence of that kind that Our Lady had during her life on earth as well as in heaven that influence of truth and charity
against which fighting is an impossible thing."

SR. M. RENATA C
% ST. BASIL'S ACADEMY
FOX CHASE, PHILA., 11, PA.

12-48

Quotation from Address of

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI

To The Congress of The Catholic Nurses, 1937

"What we can see quite easily, and what experience has shown us is that in truth there is nothing like real unity to enable us to enlarge the scope of our influence in all good works. It is also true that this spirit of unity should in no sense lessen the personal enthusiasm which the apostle calls the 'provocation of charity.' That is a splendid word! Try to provoke or stimulate yourselves and each other to do always better and to follow more closely the desires of the Heart of Our Lord in complete unity . . . in unity of prayer and good works.

"You say that you want to become more perfect in the exercise of your profession. We agree with you, too, because that is what one should do. You must do honor to your state as Catholics, as Christians and as nurses. We have often said before, and We say again that We are never more proud of Our sons and daughters than when they can add to their high degree as Christians and Catholics the honor of high attainment in their professional and social lives.

"Continue to fight against paganism and materialism, for it is by such methods, as you know yourselves only too well, that they are trying to secularize the profession of nursing,—secularize it in the worst sense of the word, a word whose true meaning, alas! can only lead to the inevitable ending—secularizing which is equivalent to de-Christianizing.

"It means excluding Christ from the sick bed and from the side of the sufferer—Christ Who suffered Himself in order that He might be able to bring comfort and consolation to all sufferers."